

FAMILY HISTORY

SUMMARY OF LIFE OF MINNIE M. LINDSAY CROOK AFTER CLOSE OF HER PERSONAL HISTORY

(FROM 1948 to 1963)

On the second of December 1950 the family was shocked and saddened by the death of William Crook, he had been struck by a car while delivering a baby gift to friends on his motor bike at 5th West and 10th north in Bountiful, Utah. Father was ailing about a year with hardening of the arteries and suffered periods of sleeplessness and blood clots would block out different areas of his brain and he would live in the past and have hallucinations for two or three days at a time but evidently the clot would move after a few days and he would be perfectly normal but couldn't remember what had happened. This was a hard period for mother but she took care of him with love and no complaints. His life came to a close November 19, 1952.

She was, of course, lonely after the many years (almost 60) of close loving companionship but she stayed in her home and carried on her regular duties as usual. On November 19, 1962 she asked Ida if she realized how long it had been since papa died. To us the time had past swiftly but to her they had been 10 long years.

She spent some of her winters with Ernest and Alice in Seattle, (Renton) Washington, with royal and Wilmuth in Fallon Nevada, and for a while with Jean Crook Lance in Gilroy, California, and several days at a time with the other children and grandchildren but by springtime she was anxious to get back to her own home, taking care of her yard, flowers and house. Even though she only used three rooms of the house the bedrooms were always ready to receive the family when they came to visit. She was always glad to see them coming but sometimes was "a glad to see them a going". A number of young children can be tiring for an older person used to being alone.

In 1959 Haber-Hallay celebrated the centennial of it's settling. The theme was "YESTERYEAR" and mother was chosen "QUEEN OF YESTERYEAR" with Lizzy Moulton and Alice Thacker as attendants. This was quite an honor and thrill for the family and many tributes were given her at this time. She was interviewed for radio, Dan Valentine wrote a tribute to her in his column on the 3rd of July 1959 in the Salt Lake Tribune, and write-up appeared in the Deseret News

She was always a faithful, active member of the Relief Society, continuing as visiting teacher until she began spending her winters away from home. In November 1962 the 4th Ward Relief Society honored her as "Mother of the Month" and a lovely tribute was given by her daughter Ida.

She spent much of her spare time appliquing quilts, crocheting or reading. Samples of her work are in the homes of many friends and members of the family.

Ida lived with mother for a year before she died. Ida worked at the sewing factor and she said mother kept house for her instead of her waiting on mother. By Christmas of 1962 she began to show signs of not feeling too well. She spent Christmas with Robert and family at Orem, Utah and really wasn't well enough to enjoy it but had promised the children she would be there for Christmas. Ida came and got her in the afternoon and the next week Bill Buys took her to

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Bountiful to his doctor. He gave her a thorough examination. The Doctor said she had had several quite sever heart attacks that no one realized she had had. She had had a few fainting spells but the doctors never diagnosed any heart trouble but this Doctor said her fainting spells was probable when she had them. She spent the next few days resting in bed. She said she wasn't in any pain but just too tired to get up. On the morning of January 3, 1963 she passed quietly away while Grace, Aunt Jean & Uncle Bennett were visiting in the next room.

She had been in good health all her life. We cannot remember her ever spending a full day in bed. She would get attacks of bile at times and would lie down a while but that was all. She really appreciated and was thankful for her good health. I, Grace, remember once, not too long before she died, and she was visiting with me in Idaho, she wiggled her foot and ankle and I asked her what was the matter and she said it felt a little stiff--I was dumbfounded that she had never had aches in her joints--I had for years.

Due to the exceptionally good weather for January, friends from far and near attended the funeral which was held in the Wasatch Stake Tabernacle. The tributes and music were gratifying and comforting to all, and I am sure pleasing to the family beyond the veil.

Minnie M. Lindsay Crook was beloved by her children, grand-children, and Great-grand-children and friends and her example and name will be revered for many generations.